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PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

Diamond

AUTUMN
1965



Special Feature: How is Collin's Bay Doing in
The Moon Race with Russia and the U.S.?

Diamond

VOL. 15, No. 4 — AUTUMN 1965

Collin's Bay Penitentiary

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Elections by Majority

Congratulations are due to both the inmate body and the candidates who stood in the October election for the Inmate Sports Committee. The huge turnout in both instances testified to the real interest most inmates have in their own welfare and in having a voice in its administration and organization.

Any group that has close to 90 percent turnout for any election has a right to pride in its sense of community responsibility. As distasteful an environment as it might be, a prison is also a community. And when a seventh of the population is prepared to stand for election, it has reason for even greater pride.

As is the case with most democratic groups, the inmate population showed a great deal of good sense in its selection of five representatives from among those 23 candidates. If they had been hand-picked, the 408 men who voted in the election could not have *selected* five more worthy men. Justification of their faith was borne out when the new committee immediately pitched into work the next two days after their election.

In recent years, the Sports Committee's reputation has been on the decline. Most of this was due, of course, to the fact that interest by previous electors was at a very low ebb. It is a fact of democratic government that

the governed deserve those who govern them. After all, they are the ones who put them in office. If some of the previous committees were not all they should have been, whose fault was it?

We are not suggesting, of course, by the foregoing, that all members who have been elected to the committee during the past several years were not the best men we could have had. There were occasionally good men among them, but the committee as a whole did not have the best men available. Joe Galway and Joe Clyde of recent committees would have been a credit to any such group, but, more often than not, they did more than their share of the work. Galway, for instance, did not play sports because he felt that a committee man could not be impartial if he actively participated.

There is one point we would like to call to the attention of the new committee. It is one previous committees seem to have overlooked. While the committee is a sort of liaison between the administration and the inmates in matters relating to sports and recreation, it is also the duty of the committee to organize and develop activities, especially during the Winter months. This would include such things as chess tournaments, bridge tournaments, etc. We have had very few of these during recent years and the few we have had

have been organized by inmates who were not members of the committee. The new committee has shown signs that they recognize this responsibility and are doing something about it.

The inmates must not think that their responsibility ends with casting their ballots, either. A committee is only as good as the support they can get. The organization of everything from tournaments to the softball league cannot be the burden of solely these five men. They must feel they can call on

qualified individuals from among the population to run and administer these projects. In other words, inmates must be ready to volunteer their services for the benefit of others.

Again, we congratulate both the new committee for its fine start and the inmates who cast their ballots in the election. It's easy enough to complain about this or that, but it takes a man to be willing to try to do something about sorry conditions.

Music Appreciation Program

Another attempt to widen the cultural experience of Collins Bay inmates has apparently proven successful as the Music Appreciation Group observed the beginning of its third month of existence early in September.

The Group, instigated by a number of inmates and organized with the aid of E. J. Stevenson, Cultural Officer, and John Veenstra, Librarian, is held in the Library every Wednesday evening for a period of three hours. From 20 to 30 inmates attend the meeting each week, sacrificing their outdoor recreation period.

The programs range from jazz to classical, with one category dominating each session. Records, movies, and lectures are featured. On the evenings he has taken charge of the group, Mr. Veenstra has brought his hi-fi outfit and records into the institution.

The present plan is to make the Music Appreciation Group a year-round activity. Those interested in attending may contact Mr. Stevenson in the School Department.



SURVEY SCHOOL GRADUATES were, from left to right, front row: R. Fenton, Paul Kennedy, (Chairman, Kingston Public Works Dept.), Jim Law, (Instructor), and Prof. E. Dauphin (Engineering Dept., Queen's University — guest speaker). Second row: John McBain, Jimmy Naugler, Tom Kelly, and Ken Kavelman.

“ Do A Little More, ” Queen's Professor Urges Graduates

“Only the men willing to do a little more than is required will become the successful man,” Professor E. Dauphin, Queens University Engineering Department, told six members of the Second Surveying Course here, September 14.

Professor Dauphin was guest speaker at the graduation services, along with

Alderman Paul Kennedy, chairman of Kingston Public Works Department. Mr. C. A. Smith, Smith building Services and Supply, was a special guest.

Members of the class were W. Byers, K. Kavelman, J. Naugler, J. McBain, R. Fenton, and T. Kelly. Byers graduated with honors. T. Coyle, who also

graduated with honors, was not present.

Instructor Jim Law was congratulated and received special praise for his handling of the course of instruction from the speakers and guests, as well as from the Administration.

Professor Dauphin spoke to the graduates on the various types of engineering careers, and of the advances made in the fields during recent years. He had just returned from Stockholm where he attended a seminar in the new methods of topographical construction of maps from photographs.

Alderman Kennedy emphasized the need for education and for continuous study. "Education," he said, "is probably the most important of all requirements for success today." He congratulated Law on the competency and scope of the course and said he thought the textbook compiled by Law was comparable to most texts of the kind available today. He closed by advising the graduates to take all the courses available to them. He also said he thought the course of instruction provided by the surveying course adequate enough to enable graduates to apply for several positions in engineering and construction fields.

The graduates also were noted for their work, as part of the class assignments, for the laying out of several institution roads, work on the Millhaven institution, and the brooder house at the farm camp.

Mr. Smith concurred with the points made by the two speakers and said he wanted to add attitude as an extremely important asset.

R. Duff, deputy warden, represented Warden Smith. Also present were As-

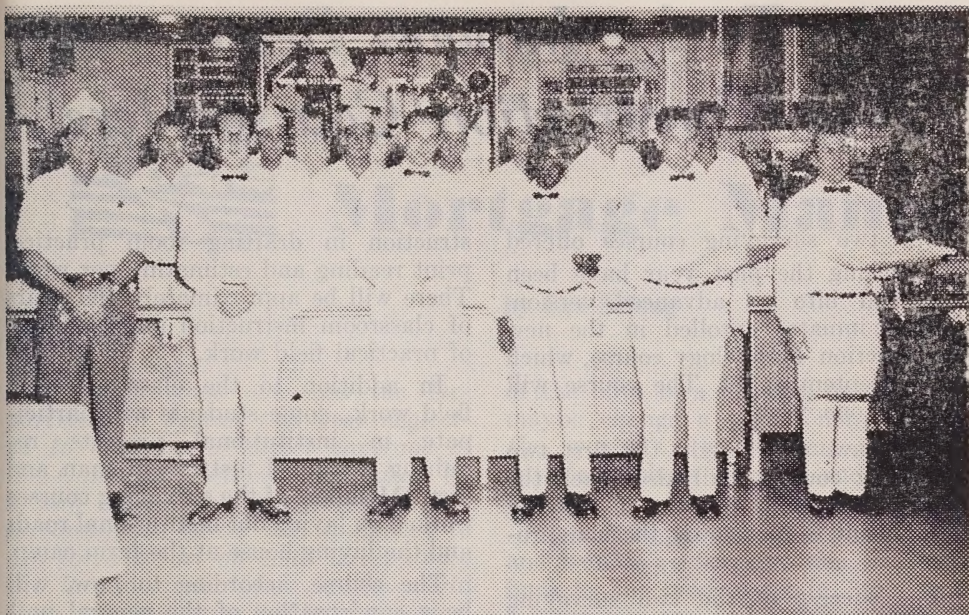


Prof. E. Dauphin, Queen's Engineering Dept., speaks to local graduates.

sistant Deputy Warden (IT) W. Rynasko, Assistant Deputy Warden (C) E. H. Allen and Supervisor of Vocational Training D.L. Hornbeck. Mr. Hornbeck was banquet chairman.

In his opening remarks, Mr. Hornbeck said that the success of the two surveying courses was due in large part to Law's efforts and the application of the students. The success of the first two courses led to the decision to expand the program into the new Construction Engineering Technology Course.

The banquet was catered to by members of the new Catering Course being



CATERING COURSE STUDENTS are, from left to right, front row: N.J. Gordon (instructor), W. Gosselin, D. Saumer, N. Grosse, E. Simpson, and R. Burns. Second row: J. McGillawee, W. Antler (cook), W. Schell (cook), P. Bellanger, J. Greenberg, D. Fallows, and D. Dyson (released).

offered here for the first time (See last issue of the Diamond). Members of the course received special praise from guests, graduates and Administration. Members of the group included Simpson, Burns, Allen, Saumer, Gosselin, McGillawee, Belanger, Greenburg and Schell. Mr. N.J. Gordon is instructor for the group.

The meal included chilled V8 juice,

tossed chef's salad, roast young tom turkey, with giblet gravy, steamed savory dressing, deep brown potato balls, fresh garden peas, cranberry sauce, assorted vegetable plate, fruit cocktail, assorted cookies, and coffee and tea.

Also in attendance were members of the new course in Construction Engineering Technology, which started September 7.

Boston, Mass. — Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, famed husband and wife research team from Harvard University, claim that is now possible to spot a future criminal very early in life. They even insist that their tests are more than 85 percent accurate.

Twelve Inmates Begin New Construction Course Here

The two surveying courses offered here during the past year have been combined into an advanced version. Twelve inmates enrolled in the new Construction Technology course, which began September 14. The course will last for one year.

Jim Law, who taught the first two surveying courses, will also teach the new course. The vocational training department is sponsoring the new program.

The success of the two surveying courses, according to Vocational Supervisor D. L. Hornbeck, resulted in Construction Technology.

The course is intended to provide advance training in the technical aspects of construction. The instruction will include engineering physics, geometry and trigonometry, engineering mechanics, analysis of materials, construction systems and methods, and related subject, including drafting, estimating, safety practices and foremanship.

It will consist of three three hour periods a week, with a half-day in-

struction in drafting room practice, print reading and estimating per week. There will be approximately 160 years of classroom instruction and 60 hours of practical field work.

In addition to the classroom and field work, some students will participate in institutional projects requiring a trained instrument man and crew. Members of the surveying courses worked on laying out institutional roads and the laying house at the farm camp.

The course, according to Law, will be a condensation of the general university course on the subject.

Law said, "The construction industry suffers a great deal from a lack of trained technical personnel. Many unskilled employees require long periods of job training. A trainee capable of drafting, estimating, job control, etc., is valuable. It is the purpose of this course to prepare a man for such a responsibility on his return to society."

Members of the Construction Technology course are: W. Byers, K. Kavelman, T. Kelly, Barrette, T. Bergin, J. McBain, J. Naugler, T. Ruddy, Enns, Horan, S. Larue, and Koop.

Anyone for Justice ???

Quebec, Canada — The new Solicitor General said that his new 'War Against Crime' will begin with Crown Prosecutors objecting to bail for any person who has a previous criminal record or for any person charged with a major crime of violence. Brother!



The Adventures
of an Ex-Vet at the Ex

Mortgage Manor

by Lex Schrag

(Through some oversight the Department of Justice this year neglected to arrange for direct coverage of the Canadian National Exhibition by a staff reporter of The Diamond. Reluctantly, the editor was compelled to ask for a report on what is reputedly the largest annual fair in the world from the magazine's Toronto correspondent, the churl of Mortgage Manor. This compromise was far from being satisfactory, as the churl is employed (and paid) by one of the Toronto newspapers and is, in consequence, apt to let his attention wander from his responsibilities to The Diamond. Furthermore, the churl lacks the dignity and objectivity befitting the status of the foremost publication in its field. It is with apologies and regret, therefore, that we present his account of interviews with several reputable persons at the Exhibition.)

Editor,
The Diamond: —

Like you said, I went to the Ex, though I nearly didn't go on account of Louie the Dip said he wanted to go with me. We just got inside the grounds and I had stepped over to see if one

of the boys in a hot-dog stand would maybe change a pound note for me (he wouldn't) when some big guys with large shoes came up and grabbed Louie.

They slung poor Louie off the grounds and wouldn't even give him back the buck he had paid to get in. Me, I had a press pass and just to be on the safe side I was wearing that bicycle club pin they gave me when I managed to break out of the army.

This was on Warrior's Day, though I don't know what the hell I was doing at the Ex on any such day because the only fighting I ever did in the army was for trades pay and subsistence allowance, but I guess it takes all kinds to make a world.

Anyway, this Warriors' Day parade was very good, and they had a lot of good-looking babes in some of the bands that played the veterans along the track in front of the grandstand. Lemme tell you, it was a mighty impressive sight, all those fellows who had been out there in the battlefields defending democracy while I was filling out forms to dock their pay for wasting bullets.

Well, after that I got to see some of the stuff they have for this new arm-

avair force we have now, and believe me, no country with a population of less than 100,000 had better start fooling around with us. Damned if they haven't even made the uniforms half-way comfortable.

I was a bit worried though, because suppose I get drafted again, I wouldn't want to be tossed into the aviating end of the business, nor would I care much for stopping about in a corvette. A lot of the guvs in the navy and air force got shot at during the war I attended, but in the army you were safe as long as you could pound a typewriter.

Anyway, this Air Chief Marshall Miller who is running the anti-war effort for us said he had no idea of turning any Canadian into a soldier, a sailor and an airman so he could march with his feet, flap one arm and swim with the other. This integration business is only for the top brass, apparently, so that's a relief.

Well, just as we were breaking off after listening to the Air Chief Marshall (I got a pretty fair free feed out of the deal) a public relations type came roaring in. He said this lad Borge was going to give a press conference, so I thought I might as well go along. This Borge does a pretty good act, and I thought I might be able to give him a few new gags (from what I hear, he could use some).

What it was all about was: Borge was only being given 30 minutes on the grandstand show and he claimed he couldn't get the crowd warmed up in that time (there were some mighty cool nights for the Ex). He also said he was too far from the audience, and he blamed all this on Jack Arthur, the guy who directed the grandstand show.

So Borge explained that he had said all this to one of his staff (he goes around with more bodyguards than the Governor General) and some snoop reporter from an evening bladder in Toronto had overheard him and put it all in print. So he wanted to explain he had nothing personal against Jack Arthur, but it was all a professional difference of opinion.

If he was going to say anything for publication, Borge declared, he would give a statement to the Association Press.

Now, this being Warriors' Day, and what with me having mooched a free meal and all, I was feeling mighty patriotic, so I chipped in:

"The hell you say! You're in Canada now! You got anything to say, you say it to the Canadian Press."

Well, that brought the press conference to an end, at least as far as I was concerned, and as I was leaving the grounds one of those big boys with the large shoes tapped me on the shoulder.

"Didn't I see you with Louie the Dip, earlier in the day?" he asked.

"Pardonez moi, M'sieu," I says, thinking quick like a bunny, "je vous ne comprenez pas."

Damned if the big slob didn't fire off a fast burst of French, and I had just used up all mine.

"Okay, okay," I said, "I was just leaving anyway. My feet hurt."

"So do mine," said the big guy, actually grinning, "but not bad enough I can't put the grab on you if you don't go home."

Boss, I did sneak back in one other day. I got a ticket for the luncheon where Bob Hope was supposed to

peak. He couldn't make it though, and Gordon Sinclair, the gabby guy from Toronto filled in for him. No use telling you what he said. I always figured

The Diamond was a fairly respectable publication, and you wouldn't be able to print Sinclair's stuff.

SNEAKY PETE QUIZ . .

Here's some old time brain twisters. Be careful with them, they're tricky. Get all 15 right you're another Einstein; make out on 10 and they ought to give you a parole. If you get less than five, it's no wonder they caught you.

1. If you went to bed at eight o'clock in the evening and set the clock to get up at nine in the morning, how many hours of sleep would you get?
2. How many birthdays does the average man have?
3. Why can't a man living in Winston-Salem, N. C., be buried west of the Mississippi?
4. If you had one match and entered a room where there was an oil lamp, an oil heater, and some kindling, which would you light first?
5. Some months have 30 days, some of them have 31. How many have 28?
6. A man builds a house with four sides to it in a rectangular structure. Each side has a southern exposure. A large bear comes wandering by. What kind of bear is it?
7. How far can a dog run into the woods?
8. How many outs are there in each inning of a ball game?
9. I have in my hand two U.S. coins that total 55 cents. One of them is not a nickle. What are the two coins?
10. Divide 30 by $\frac{1}{2}$, add ten. What is the answer?
11. Two men are playing chess. They play five games and each man wins the same number of games. How is that possible?
12. Take two apples from three apples and how many do you have?
13. How many animals of each species did Moses take aboard the Ark with him?
14. A woman give a beggar 50 cents. The woman is the beggar's sister; but the beggar is not the woman's brother. Why not?
15. Is it legal in British Columbia for a man to marry his widow's sister?

(Answers on page 41)

The Bottle and the Bum

by T. Bergin

He gave one the impression that the world had been good to him: He wore an expensive business suit, tie to match; white linen shirt: he exuded an air of confidence and well-being his life was just a bowl of cherries. His audience watched him and listened to his words.

"Boy, you can't go any lower than the gutter—and I was there—I was lying in it and it stank. A life full of garbage—that's what mine was. Out of 20 years, I spent $17\frac{1}{2}$ of them in prison. In and out, in and out—most of the time IN".

Bill M. ("call me Pappy") continued with his rapid fire delivery of the events in the years gone by. He was the special speaker at the 14th Annual A.A. get-together in Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

It was the third such meeting I had attended in as many years as the Diamond representative. I found this year's event well-planned, well-represented, and exhilarating.

Inmate Bob F., the committee chairman and his inmate committee welcomed the visitors at the mess door and five minutes later the meeting got under way.

Bob opened the meeting by introducing the first speaker of the afternoon, Deputy Warden Ulrich Belanger (now Warden of Dorchester Pen.).

Bob then rose to announce that an inmate, Robert F., would be the next speaker.

Robert's 10-minute speech very clearly defined what A.A. means to prisoners—what the Vision Group meetings did and continues to do for him. He told us that it was only after joining A.A. that he discovered that alcoholism could be arrested.

He pointed out that A.A. could assist us in getting a proper insight into ourselves, into other people's problems and into life itself.

As "proof positive" of the effectiveness of A.A., he indicated Mr. Murray D. sitting at the head table, whom, he said, had spent a few years in Collin's Bay 14 years ago. (It was only after Murray joined A.A. in prison that he began to make proper head-way in life. He never returned to prison except as a visitor).

"I'll tell you what I found in A.A." Robert continued. "I found friends to whom I could pour out my heart." He singled out one of those special friends—Mr. John D., the GSR.

"In A.A. we are all in the same boat—and we help each other."

His speech was greeted with vigorous applause. Robert's message was clear:—Membership in A.A. is an effective deterrent to alcoholism—maybe the only one known today.

The chairman then introduced the only woman speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. John D., wife of the GSR.

"I may not attend the weekly meetings throughout the year at Collin's Bay" she said, "but when John comes home after each meeting we talk about all of you; your problems, your hopes, your successes. So even though I may not be present in person, I am certainly present in spirit. I am vitally interested in your welfare".

She then turned to the main topic of the day Alcoholism. "You all know that when we're not feeling well physically we can't feel well mentally. Alcohol, like an acid, rots the mental faculties. It saps the physical energy. It depresses the finer human qualities and feelings. To this date, as far as is known, A.A. is the only workable antacid against alcoholism. Anyone with common sense will use it, and be grateful for its continued presence."

The next speaker was Mr. Bill M., the speaker of the day.

Bill spoke a language that everyone understands. There were no fancy trimmings to his life story—A life packed with empty bottles, broken dreams, prison terms, rebellion; A.A., a bit of reconstruction, and finally maturity, stability and a great respect for the power and destructiveness of the booze.

He spoke in quick spurts: his words quick, clipped, sensible and very effective.

His first spot of trouble came when, with some other young fellows, he "borrowed" a car. Magistrate Campbell forced Bill into the "Civil Service"—"lots of service, but civil to no-one." This was his first prison term.

At the outbreak of W.W. II, in 1939,

he joined the army. The two things he disliked about the army were the uniforms and the regimentation. "I just hated uniforms."

Discharged, he found himself equipped for nothing. He was quickly aboard the wagon again.

"Recidivist", that's what they called me when I moved back into K.P. for the sixth time. Recidivism " He turned the word over a few times and seemed to savor its sound and taste.

"Recidivism, a fancy label for a guy who keeps coming back."

Bill told us of his almost 20 years in the sewers of life. "It's suffocating" he said slowly as though remembering the lonely life. 'You go down so far for so long that you wonder if you'll ever get up."

"Then" he continued, brightening up, "a judge gave me a break. He gave me a 4-year spot for checks."

He never got to spend the money for his check attempt as he was tackled leaving the bank. "tackled by about 9 members of some football club—the story of my life."

During this 4-year bit he attended his first A.A. meeting. It was during the following weeks that he began to take a close look at his life—in relation to himself, to his family and to his possible future.

He began thinking about his family—his mother who had always stuck by him; of his father who had died while he (Bill) was in prison.

"From the beginning of that 4-year spot to this day I haven't touched a drop.

"They changed my life, those people at A.A., they just changed, reconstruct-

ed my whole life. Boy, if you think A.A. won't work for you, then you're way out in left field."

Bill's sincerity packed punch. His attentive audience was with him every drop of the way. Many had been through the same experiences. All were pursuing the goal which Bill had achieved after so many years of endeavour.

He concluded by claiming, and we believed him, that he felt richer than Edward Plunkett Taylor. "I tell you, I wouldn't change places. I'm a rich man today. I have many friends. I have my dear old Scotch mother, 70 years of age—how she stuck by me through all

my garbage life, I'll never know. I have a good job, financial security, my health, and a little peace of mind.

"Remember, if you're in A.A., you can't be a loser. Thank you."

The 14th Annual Vision Group was over. Mr. Bill M. was among the many visitors and inmates who enjoyed the refreshments which brought the meeting to a satisfying conclusion.

Othe guests present were: Duke C., ass't GSR, Salvation Army Major Jackson, Father Felix Devine, R.C. Chaplin, W. Haggerty, Classification Officer, and Murray D., visiting speaker from Toronto.



(Drawn especially for the Diamond by Dow of the Ottawa Journal)

"I understand that if it keeps going up, they'll have to put the 'squares' in and keep us out."

Judge Claims Crime Crackdown Has Failed

by Hal Winter

(*Montreal Star*)

Canada's whole concept of sentencing and treatment of criminals is due for a drastic shakeup over the next decade.

And this isn't only the opinion of the experts, the scientists attending the fifth International Criminological Congress here.

It's also the view of the "men-on-the-beat," the work-a-day magistrate who handles the bulk of the country's crime cases.

Most eloquent spokesman for the judges who hand out 94 percent of all sentences imposed in Canada is Magistrate E.W. Kenrick of Haileybury, Ontario.

Judge Kenrick, who has been 10 years on the bench, is acutely aware of the magnitude of the problems facing magistrates. But he is equally insistent on the "urgent need" to find a solution.

The bulk of Judge Kenrick's views are summed up in a paper he gave at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel Aug. 31, on the second day of the congress which has brought more than 1,500 delegates from 40 countries to Montreal.

But no printed word can compare with the force and sincerity of the magistrate when he speaks of his work—and that of thousands across the nation.

"If you saw the faces of the men, of their wives and children.....then you'd know what it means to impose sentence."

CHAMPION OF PAROLE

No head-in-the-clouds dogooder, Judge Kenrick is a staunch champion of parole, probation and reform of the treatment facilities in the nation.

"The so-called crackdown on crime—in the punitive sense—just hasn't worked," he said.

"And if the crime rate is really going up (as is claimed by Quebec Justice Minister Wagner) this only proves that the punitive system has failed."

Judge Kenrick, who handles about 4,000 cases a year, hits out most at the lack of uniformity in sentencing and the disparity in facilities from province to province.

What is needed above all, he stresses, are the facilities necessary to give the individual case the study and attention it deserves.

To enable him to mete out the type of justice that is in line with today's thinking, means the coast-to-coast availability of pre-sentence reports, mental health clinics, parole and probation structures, for the magistrate.

There has been great progress in

individual provinces over the last 20 years, says Judge Kenrick. But this is nothing to the dramatic changes which will be accomplished in the next decade, he forecasts with the firm conviction of a dedicated man.

The results will be sharp reductions in the nation's jail population, with corresponding cuts in the number of repeating offenders, says Judge Kenrick.

NON-PENAL CUSTODY

Many more delinquents, he suggests, will be given the benefits of probation and parole. And a vastly increased number will be sent to non-penal custody—clinics, hospitals and welfare institutions.

To back his arguments, the judge has hard statistics.

"In one of our provinces (Ontario) in 1959, out of a total of 50,022 convictions, 30,036 were for alcohol offences alone."

These people, he contends—in line with the thinking of world criminological experts—should not be in jail at all.

"The day is not far removed when the 'alcoholic sick' will be transferred in most instances directly to in-patient and out-patient clinics and not to penal areas."

Judge Kenrick, who was one of the prime movers at the Aug. 28 meeting of 38 magistrates from eight provinces which decided the get-together should be on an annual basis, sees no danger of infringement of provincial rights.

"I'm not suggesting," he says, "that the Federal Government walk in and take over the areas."

What he envisages is a continuing exchange of views and experiences between the men who have to deal with the day-to-day administration of justice to all-Canadians.

And, in the light of this aim, he sees Saturday's decision to continue the inter-provincial meetings as a big step forward.

In the parole program, there are, of course, "grey areas" which must still be the subject of a great deal of research, says the judge.

But these dangers are part of the "calculated risk" inherent in the parole system, since, however well-informed, "we can't be positive."

There is no doubt, however, says Judge Kenrick, who attended the recent crime conference in Sweden and the last International Congress at The Hague, that the "humanitarian trend" will triumph in the end.

And in this he has the backing of the vast majority at the Criminology Congress.

Miami, Florida — Dade County has finally launched its "Part-Time Prisoner Work Release Program" which has been in the talking stage for about four years. Sixty-seven prisoners were selected to launch the program and are working in the area while serving time.

The High Price Of Vengeance

by Pat Whealen

It costs a minimum of \$2,500 a year to keep a convict in a Canadian Penitentiary. The cost if the same man were on probation would be about \$200 a year.

These two facts are being stressed by those who advocate an extension of the Canadian probation service. They have decided that a direct financial argument is the only means of interesting the public in reforming the penal system.

The figures are even more convincing when all cost factors are taken into account. The figures of \$2,500 to keep a man in penitentiary for a year does not include capital costs and maintenance for a high-security institution. Nor does it include the fact that the prisoner is unable to provide for himself and his family. On probation, he would be required to work for a living.

Those who are pressing for reform emphasize that tax money is being wasted when prisoners are kept behind bars instead of being released on probation. But they have powerful social arguments to back them up.

Among those who have taken up the cause is Judge John de N. Kennedy of Peterborough, a retired Ontario county court judge and now editor of Chitty's Law Journal. In a recent issue, Judge Kennedy gave statistics

showing that in 1961 Canada had about five times as many persons in prison in proportion to population as England and Wales. More, England and Wales had one person on probation for every person in prison, while Canada had four persons in prison for every one on probation.

Judge Kennedy's argument is that Canada sends too many persons to prison instead of placing them on probation, and that too many prisoners are released without being prepared to resume a normal life.

He says that some magistrates and judges do not believe in probation, and this is one reason for Canada's failure to use the system efficiently. But by far the greatest reason is the shortage of trained probation officers. Some provinces seem to ignore probation completely; others use it sparingly.

In his article, entitled "A Tragedy of Waste", Judge Kennedy does not deal at length with a very common objection to the probation system, the complaint that "we don't want criminals running loose." The statistics he furnishes, however, make it clear that the convicted person who is placed on probation has a better chance of rehabilitation than if he were jailed. A United Nations survey showed that in countries where a proper probation system is in use, between 70 and 80 percent of offenders dealt with by pro-

bation did not get into trouble again.

There are some criminals who should be jailed, Judge Kennedy admits. But in most cases confinement is not necessary.

In a proper probation system, the convicted person is under severe discipline for a long period, but he can remain at home in his own community, supporting his family. If he goes to prison, he loses his job, his family will suffer for his misdeeds, and he may be influenced by professional criminals he meets behind bars.

Judge Kennedy strongly advocates a more careful preparation of convicts before their release. The transition to freedom from the completely disciplined life of prison is very difficult, and facilities in Canada for aiding ex-prisoners, despite the good work of volunteer agencies, are inadequate.

Although Judge Kennedy does not deal specifically with the problem, many Canadians who are interested

in probation argue that the system of releasing prisoners should be tightened.

Their argument is that a few of those released on parole should never be allowed to live in society. They point out the cases, notably a recent instance in Quebec, where prisoners are released only to commit horrible crimes.

A proper probation system, they say, would include a careful study of each convicted person and an assessment by hard-headed, realistic experts of whether the individual is a proper subject for probation. This, they point out, would ensure that criminals who should not be at large are sent to jail. It would also serve as protection against the release of prisoners who are a danger to the public.

Thus, although probation is a humanitarian concept which stresses keeping people out of prison, it has the effect of keeping behind bars those criminals who should not be released.

G-Men of the Future

Chicago, Illinois — Sleuths of the future may be able to smell out a criminal by means of his "chemical signature" according to Dr. Robert Krotczynski of the Illinois Institute of Technology, who has been conducting the research. He stated, "It is possible that each person has a distinctive odor — and this suggests the possibilities of establishing a nodor file, in essence, an individual olfactory fingerprint."

Man in the Middle

Montreal — Criminals are being caught in the middle of a controversy between the eggheads and hardrocks of criminology.

The eggheads, or reformists, advocate rehabilitation.

The hardrocks are the investigating officers who believe that coddling a criminal is an inducement to crime.

Exponents of both groups attended the Fifth Annual Criminology Congress that began Aug. 31.

Consensus is that the gap between the two approaches is gradually being narrowed.

But until both sides see eye to eye, the question of what to do with criminals cannot be solved.

Most of the 1,500 experts from 40 countries at the meeting believed that punishment of the criminal is outmoded and that education is the answer to the world's greatest social problem.

But the policeman on the beat and the seasoned detective stick to the belief that the only way to treat the criminal is to lock him up and throw away the key.

French criminologist Jean Pinatel said that capital punishment could only become a deterrent to crime if it were enforced to the letter.

And that would mean that up to 1,500 criminals would be guillotined in France every year, he said, instead of

the two or three executions under the present system.

Thus, he said, the belief that capital punishment is a deterrent was not valid because the criminal did not feel fear.

"To get maximum value from the supposed deterrent, one would also have to make executions public, reinstate the hood, the bare feet, the noose and the walk on air," he said.

"But we can't return to the Middle Ages, and to institute overall applications of death sentences would be a sort of genocide."

Mr. Pinatel, general secretary of the International Criminologist Society, said that present penal methods were too costly and should be substituted by probation and minimum security prisons that would promote rehabilitation for many criminals.

WHAT ELSE???

A leading Canadian expert, Penitentiary Service Director A. J. McLeod, favors the retention of the death penalty in the practice although he opposes it in principle.

"After life imprisonment has been imposed, what other deterrent is there?" he asked. "What else is there to protect the lives of thousands of guards and personnel?"

A Toronto psychiatrist, R. E. Stokes, said there were hundreds of potential murderers walking the streets of Toron-

to and nothing could be done about them.

He added that mental disorders in these people could trigger a sordid sensational slaying, but that they could not be committed until they had carried out a crime.

Dr. Stokes took over in Sept as the Ontario Department of Reform Institutions.

He said there was a need for stronger scrutiny of patients with schizophrenia (split personalities), to assess their potential for dangerous behavior.

"This should be an important consideration in determining a patient's suitability for discharge from institutions," he said.

Rev. Noel Mailloux of Montreal, the elected president of the Congress, said that criminals should receive the same treatment as mental patients do.

He advocated the abolition of capital punishment, less severe sentences and the separation of habitual criminals from occasional offenders.

Louis Zeitoun, executive director of the John Howard Society, told of a two-year study of 14 men paroled in Ontario from life imprisonment who had suc-

cessfully returned to society.

None of them had returned to custody and most of them found jobs, he said. Annual earnings were nearly \$4,000 a year.

Four of the parolees were murders, three were rapists, three armed robbers and four habitual criminals.

Most of them had served less than 10 years of their life sentences, he said.

T.W. Hall, director of penitentiary service for British Columbia and the prairie provinces, said there is a woman behind every crime.

"After all, it was Eve who instigated Adam to his theft," he said. "Too often the *femme fatale* of crime is good old Mom, or the sweet, stupid, convicted person and an assement by all-too-dreaming wife."

Mr. Hall said that a mother could drive her son to crime through indifference, lack of love and lack of direction.

And a girl can be the reason why a young man steals—he may only need the money and a car for a date, but he'll steal to get it," he said.

Enough is enough

After the Parole Board member, in a Federal Institution, had finished his questions, he asked the prisoner, "Is there anything more you would like to say on your behalf?"

Very fervently and emphatically, the prisoner said, "Sir, all I want is justice!" Then, just as he was about to leave the room, he had an after-thought and added, "I would like to change that statement. I believe I've had all the justice I can take. What I want now is mercy."

Poetry

(Editor's Note—We would like to recommend to our readers, both 'inside' and 'outside', the poetry of S.S. Heath and Peter Madden, which follows on the next pages. No doubt there will be among you a pedant here and there who will sniff at a strained meter or a tripped foot, or a righteous Victorian who will gasp at the naked feeling expressed; but for those of you who appreciate simplicity and clarity, honesty and the offering of hope and pride amidst despair, we think you will not be disappointed. It is, after all, of these latter things that art and poetry is made, and not the corset of measured word and lilting phrase—though these are present, too.)

* * * * *

THE VISITOR

by S. S. Heath

Is that the morning wind I hear
Or just a ghost that wanders near
Its moaning voice fills up the night
As I lie waiting for the light

By sleep forsaken so I wait
And fill my morning cup with hate
While bleak despair stands by my cot
To watch my anguish as I rot

Is that the morning wind I hear
Or is it just the voice of fear
Oh I've a rendezvous to keep
With someone in the land of sleep

I hear the sweep of mighty wings
My mind is filled with dreadful things
Upon my cheek a shuddering breath
I feel the ice-cold lips of death.

WINTER COMES TO THE LAKES

by S.S. Heath

Across the forest floor the leaves
Lay thick and gold and deep
The wind moans through the naked trees
The brooks are hushed with sleep
The shadowed lines of distant hills
Below white clouds, like fleece
Show how the sylvan country fills
The autumn eye with peace.

The sun that casts its hopeful rays
Across the slumbering land
Reflects the waters of the lakes
And dances on the sand
The mallard and the canvasback
Sweep o'er the waving trees
And in the hidden forest track
There stirs a restless breeze.

Then in the early afternoon
A shadow wends its way
Advancing like a bold dragon
Across the hills so grey
Then suddenly the quiet sky
Is filled with glistening flakes
The earth receives them with a sigh
And winter finds the lakes.

ON MY LIFE

Say not that I have lived in vain,
Say that my life was joy and pain.
Say that I've walked with fools and kings,
Say that I've wasted many things,
Say how I loved the wind and rain,
The evening hymn the river sings,
But do not say I've lived in vain.

ON BELATED BROTHERHOOD

by S.S. Heath

Ah Christ! It is an awful thing
To live in hate's eternal ring,
And try to understand and care
That ignorance has led us there.

The coloured youth of yesterday
Who walked along our common way,
He heard the sneers and uttered threats
That ignorance and hate begets.

He closed the door against the wrath
Of lighter fellows on the path
And in his numbered tomb the tears
Must grow more bitter with the years.

I would have liked to grasp his hand
In botherhood and understand
The world he knows and show him mine
And be for him an anodyne.

A soothing ungent where the blood
Is gushing in a crimson flood,
But on I walk, my manhood slain
And bear the evil mark of Cain.

For he who takes his brother's life,
Is kin to darkness, fear and strife
And he who walks in pride can tell,
Of pain more bitter-sweet than hell.

And often in the later years,
One listens for a sound and hears
A small persistent nagging voice,
And knows the folly of his choice.

Then when the handy platitudes,
Rise to defend his attitudes,
He'll feel the crimson blush of shame
And give such cowardice a name.....

THE LONG NIGHTS

by S.S. Heath

To sleep—and O to sleep
In a merciless prison cell
To leave one's cares a little while
In the competent clutch of hell

To share one's bed with loneliness
With loneliness—and sorrow
And wish for sleep to wash away
The grim fears of tomorrow

To push away sad memories
Sad memories—and shame
To dread the coming of the night
With a dread that has no name

To turn one's face against the wall
To the cold—unfeeling stone
To sleep, O God, to fall asleep
Forsaken—and alone

To banish every conscious ghost
To ghostland far away
And O to go to sleep to sleep
How grand to greet the day

To sleep—and O to sleep
If that were only all
Just close one's eyes, embrace the night
And feel each dark care fall

To close one's eyes—perhaps to dream
Take fancy's golden flight
To sleep and O to go to sleep
All through the endless night

And then to hear the morning bell
Smite on the shivering air
And sleepless from your bed arise
To a breakfast of despair.

ON IMMORTALITY

by S.S. Heath

Why should I work and bleed and sweat,
Or store great deeds in fear of death
Repress my passions with regret
And cry God's name with my last breath?

Why should I live a humble life
In hope of heaven's peaceful shore,
Dissect its pleasures with the knife
Made blunter by our christian lore?

Why should I cut away my hand
Though it offends the social code
Or turn my cheek in gesture grand
Ignore the insult and the goad?

Why shall I not instead be proud?
For if my code does no man ill,
The worm will eat away my shroud
Although it lies in heathen hill.

And when a thousand years have borne
Away the ethics of our age,
When christians are the heirs of scorn
And gods of brass the latest rage;
Then may a stranger turn my bones;
My earthly clay up to the light,
Behold my skull among the stones
And say, "This mortal fool was right!"

ON DEATH

by S.S. Heath

The grave where nature's cycle ends,
Is equal both to foe and friends;
And all the treasures of the earth,
And all the honours man bestows,
And all the years of tears and mirth;
The grinning reaper overthrows.

THE DEATH OF TRUTH

by S.S. Heath

Time goes on and man grows older
And youth's ideals grow dim with time,
Rain corrupts and wears the boulder
But life erodes our dreams sublime.

When man is young, how truth prevails
All clear and glistening and bright,
But age perverts the truest scales
Until there is no wrong, nor right.

There is no law, no rule, no line,
Nor can the brain of man define
The wrong, the right, the ill, the good
Depend on conscience, war and blood.
Thus Fate's decree would rule mankind
While truth like justice, staggers blind.

How oft — we find our gods have feet
Made weaker for their mortal clay,
We cast them from us in defeat
And live to fight another day.

Not conscience makes our hair turn white
Our limbs to tremble in despair,
But dawn of reason and that right
Must perish for man's lack of care.

Friends of my boyhood and my youth
How far we've come since golden days,
When we were not aware that truth
Along life's road so often strays.

We've seen the soil of foreign lands
We've seen the foes' uplifted hands,
His ragged children and their eyes
Forlorn and lost and filled with sighs,
We've heard their weeping in the night
These were the enemies of right!

We burned the wheatfields where we marched
And wore our medals bright with pride,
For we had left the country parched
And feasted as its people died.

All this for freedom, this, for right,
This, that all men might live more free,
But who will comfort us at night
For wrongs we've done and seen and see.

Oh liberty, truth and freedom,
Base harlots, man has wrung you dry,
You, high hopes of a bygone age
Must see those things you've stood for die.

SNOW

by S.S. Heath

The falling snow in clusters fill
The ditch when winter casts its spell
And all is silent, cold and still
Out where the frozen splendour fell

Out in the trees I hear the crack
Of frozen timber when it breaks
And from the road a snow-sled's track
Extends across the frozen lakes

Upon the window panes the frost
Is etched with such sweet symmetry
I gaze until my thoughts are lost
At Nature's sacred poetry

And taking bread we throw the crumbs
Out on the glistening banks of snow
And each pathetic bird that comes
Gives thanks by flitting to and fro.

THE GREAT GREY LIE

by Pete Madden

A day, a week, a month or more;
What does it matter to you
If the fog rolls in across your floor
And the earth turns black and blue?

It matters not to you out there,
Nor the malignant insects here,
But it matters to all whose snowing hair
Falls silently down for another year.

Soon to leave this cobwed-world
And its savage sucking spiders,
To what new hell shall I be hurled,
To whose spur-digging riders?

Oh to leave this raging hatred
And hope to hate no more —
Though I know I'll keep the hatred
Until life bangs closed its door.

They've lied it in and stolen it in,
They've locked it in with me
Till a voice strains out above the din:
"To hate is but to be!"

To hate just one, or two, or three
Would be to hate in vain —
Though *one* can smother with misery
Or lash a man insane.

The thing to hate is a thing unseen,
An inscrutable illogical thing —
A thoughtless concept, long and lean,
More a thread than a string.

And blind beasts groping wild for seals,
Clawing themselves and their helpless heels
While sterile things kick restless heels
Into the cauldron of pre-cast dies.

These dumb blind beasts scrawl hopeless lies,
Or speak from where but waste should pass,
And no matter how the victim cries
Complacent ears will hear the ass.

But how, you ask, can they miss the smell,
The stifling stench of elimination,
The corruption clogged within the shell,
The fen of filth and utter stagnation.

Can it be the people's noses are lined?
Can it be that their ears are plugged?
Are their eyes oblivious to the blind?
Can it be that their minds are drugged?

The answer, though never sought,
With hte problem never seen,
Is partly an intellectual drought
And partly a vicious screen.

It's all a part of the great grey lie
That lies behind each great grey wall;
While men still live and men still die
There'll always be the prison stall.

AT EVENING

Behold, an evening shadow falls
Across the grey forbidding walls;
A lingering sunbeam's soft caress,
Is teasing me with loveliness
Before the darkness falls

And I can see beyond the gloom
Prevailing in my living room,
Beyond the months and years that pass
To some oasis where the grass
Is green and flowers bloom.

S. S. Heath

OVER PRISON WALLS

by Dale David Hopkins

While still in bed sound asleep
Over prison walls I leap
Into a world of immorality
My mind far from reality.

No freedom here is there to find
The guards controllers of my mind
My home a dark and dreary cell
My Bible Satan's book of hell.

My moral concept is reverse
God has given me a curse
I cannot find a faithful friend
My deep despair can find no end.

Meanwhile back in reality
Far from that world of immorality
Contentment's all around my bed
But fearful thoughts are in my head.

THESE FOUR GREY WALLS

by S.S. Heath

This cold, cold world I live in,
These four gray walls I'm confined in,
I cannot remember the beginning,
And I can't see the end.

What a cold, cold world,
When you can see only part of the sky;
When it rains you don't even know
If it's raining on the other side.

I get up in the early morning,
And go about the same monotonous toils,
And I go to bed at night early;
Every day is another long day;
Every night is an even longer night.

And as the days go by,
The weeks go by;
But it takes many lonely days,
To make one lonely month.

Will I ever see the end?
Or will I be lain
In an unmarked grave
Behind these four grey walls?

1012

CBC Makes Prison Film Here

A film of prison life in Canadian penitentiaries is slated for showing by the CBC in November, according to Ed McGibbon, CBC freelance writer and broadcaster.

The film, made by CBC and written by Ed McGibbon, was filmed and features inmates from the federal penitentiaries at Joyceville, Kingston and Collins Bay. According to McGibbon and CBC directors, the film is intended to portray to Canadian viewers a true view of life in a Canadian penitentiary.

At Collins' Bay, inmate actors were starred in a group discussion, concerning the failings of penitentiaries in general and their own experiences in spe-

cific instances. Also part of the material recorded was an interview between two local inmates with Mr. William Rynas-ko, assistant deputy warden, inmate training, and Mr. Haggerty, senior classification officer. The interview covered a discussion of conditions at Collins Bay.

A feature of the film is an interview held between three inmates, one each from Joyceville, Kingston, and Collins Bay, and Mr. Alan McLeod, commissioner of penitentiaries, at Kingston.

According to McGibbon and members of the CBC staff, the program will be unexpurgated, without censorship from the penitentiary department.

Candidates Draw Largest Voter Turnout

One of the largest turnouts of local voters in recent years elected Gordie Cameron, Andy Toop, Jimmy Law, Sid Heath and Bug's O'Niel to the Inmate Sports Committee, October 1.

Cameron, with 249 votes, paced the candidates, polling better than half the total 498 votes. Andy Toop finished second with 179 and Jimmy Law, 146. Sid Heath, 136, and Bugs O'Niel, 131, followed. George Miller took the sixth, and alternate's position with 115.

The large turnout and Cameron's big margin climaxed one of the most active campaigns in several years. Not only were the total votes the highest, but so was the number of candidates, a total of 23.

The noon count was 442 and 432 ballots were given out.

The committee members immediately went to work, meeting the next two days to plan the Winter program and for the first meeting with the Administration representative.

Cameron was elected chairman and Heath, secretary, at the first meeting.

On behalf of the other members of the committee, Cameron thanked the inmate population for their outstanding interest and participation, and solicited their support for the following six months.

In contrast to the last several elections, this one ran smoothly and without a hitch. The ballots were issued prior to noon meal and collected immediately afterwards. They were counted in the auditorium by members of the previous committee and the editor of the *Diamond*, with Recreation Supervisor Hub Macey calling out the votes to the counters and assistant Recreation Supervisor Frank Martin monitoring the count. All 23 candidates were present at the counting, and counted on their own. No other members of the custodial or Administrative staff were present, except for a short visit by the Deputy Warden, R. H. Duff.

The retiring committee members were Joe Galway, Ross Hardy, and Moose Marshall. Galway was a member of the committee for two terms and was not eligible to run again. Hardy and Marshall decided not to run again.

Heading the list of projects for the new committee were Winter sports, including floor hockey, and basketball, and various tournaments — chess, bridge, gin, etc. Also on the list was a plan to provide newcomers with some sort of information on what to expect in recreation at the institution.

The pre-election campaign, in addition to the regular speeches made over the institution radio, included some

clever campaign signs. Cameron, however, did practically no campaigning at all. His decision to run was a last minute one.

Each inmate voted for five candi-

dates of their choice from among the 23 available.

Next election will be this Spring. All members of the present committee are eligible to run again.

Dike CONstruction

Stillwater, Minnesota — Fifty convicts volunteered for flood work and built a flood dike that was soon labeled the "Condike" by the citizens of this town who at first were apprehensive about having prisoners in town — but they soon got over this feeling as the cons worked hard, on 12 hour shifts.



"Look, Joe. You got the physical qualifications for Softball Commissioner and that's that."

Penal Notes From Around The World

Richmond Va.—At a regional conference of prison officials here, Dr. Clyde B. Velder, professor of criminology and corrections at Georgia Southern college, advocated private visits for prisoners with their wives as the best possible way to fight the major problems of homosexuality in prisons.

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Albany, N.Y.—Governor Rockefeller signed into law a bill to abolish the death penalty. Under this new law, only policemen killers and life-term cons who kill in prison or while attempting to escape are subject to capital punishment.

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Havana, Cuba—There will be no more private practice for attorneys in this country. Cuban lawyers will now work out of 'collective offices of Revolutionary Lawyers'. Socialization of attorneys is another step in the complete socialization of all specialists.

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Quebec, Canada—A 17-year-old received an additional sentence for reversing legal procedure by throwing the book at the judge. The youth was being sworn in when he picked up the bible upon which he was taking the oath and threw it at the surprised judge's face.

* * * *

Frankfort, Germany —One of the most sought-after modern German dramatics is a habitual criminal currently serving a prison term for robbery in Frankfort's prison.

He is 39-year-old Wolfgang Graetz who has written more than 20 radio and TV scripts, mostly while serving 17 different jail sentences. His works have had more than 50 presentations all over Europe.

Many of his scripts concerned the attempts of released criminals to adapt to society.

His newest play, "The Conspirators", will be produced this year but he won't be able to see it before 1966 when his current 3½ year sentence is completed. Meanwhile, he keeps in contact with stage and TV directors by telephone, being permitted to receive calls during specified hours.

He is allowed a typewriter in his cell for use after his 9½ hours of prison labor for which he is paid 20¢ per hr. He gets many times that much, of course, in fees and royalties.

* * * *

Madrid, Spain—There are no juries here—just judges. And they are reputed to be the toughest on the continent. And the local police are considered to be the most efficient in all Europe.

* * * *

Mexico City, Mexico—Anyone involved in a traffic accident here can be jailed without bail until a non-judge traffic expert dictates a verdict—and he takes his time.

* * * *

New York City—It is now possible, through an insurance broker in Manhattan, to provide low-cost bonding for ex-convicts—a new development that removes a major hurdle for prospective employers who want to help ex-convicts find jobs. Under this new service, cons can get jobs that require bonding by employees.

* * * *

Jefferson City, Mo.—This state's new 10 million dollar prison is one having neither bars nor walls. Its design, operation and construction is in accord with the philosophy expressed by Governor Dalton: "We have moved away from the idea that punishment is treatment enough for the convict. We are concerned with his education, readjustment and rehabilitation."

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Miami, Florida—A new bill makes it a felony to fraudently use a credit card for more than \$100 worth of merchandise.

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Rome, Italy—All foreigners must register with the police within three days of arrival, and must carry identity papers at all times.

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Stuttgart, Germany—A new prison just completed here is now hailed as a model prison by penal experts from

all over the world. It has 18-foot high walls and skyscraper buildings which cover six acres. The main building is 8 stories high, complete with elevators. Citizens living near the prison call it 'Crooks' Silo'.

* * * *

New York City—The two insurance companies that underwrite most of the bail bonds in New York City announced more stringent financial standards that will greatly increase the number of poor defendants held in jail for trial or sentence.

The two companies told bondsmen not to provide bail for defendants on less than 75% collateral. This means that a man being held on a bail of \$1,000 will have to stay in jail unless he can raise \$50 bondsman's fee plus \$750 in negotiable assets, such as securities or bank deposits—but real estate will not be acceptable any longer.

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Vienna, Austria—In this city, jaywalkers must pay the cop on the spot 10 shillings (40¢). The fine is legal—and protest causes immediate arrest.

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London, England—The accused's right of counsel begins at the pretrial hearing here—and the government pays the cost if the defendant or a plaintiff cannot afford to hire a lawyer.

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Paris, France—Under an 1881 law, insulting a head of state, even in whispered tones, is punishable by a year in prison and/or a big fine.

* * * *

The psychiatrist wasn't sure about Soski. There was something wrong. But Soski wanted only the

KEY TO THE GATE

by Tom Bergin

The guard came running and shouting, "Stop", at the garbage truck. The truck shivered to a halt and the uniformed driver stepped out.

"What's wrong George?" the driver asked, as he walked back to meet the angry guard.

"This is what's wrong, Tolland" answered the guard pointing a finger at the nervous-looking man sitting on the back of the truck.

Down, Soski! Get the hell off that truck. Boy-Oh-Boy-Oh-Boy.' What's the big idea, Soski?"

The elderly man slid to the ground and stood before the two guards with his eyes cast down and his hands hanging at his sides.

"You were escaping again, Soski, weren't you?" The guard was very angry.

"Yes Mr Redmond. It was such a nice day. I just thought....."

"Nice day be-damned. This is the fifth time this year. Come on."

The big iron gate clanged shut and the two guards, with the penitent prisoner walking between them, headed for the warden's office.

"Soski," said the warden when he heard what had happened, "Soski, this is just going too far. This is your fourth attempt in less than a year....."

"Fifth, Warden." corrected the sad-eyed Soski.

"Then fifth. It's much too far. And

such bird-brain attempts. Sitting on the back of a garbage truck. What made you do it this time?"

The warden's question was asked in a resigned manner.

"It was such a nice day, warden, and it is Pulaski's birthday," lamented the little man.

"Pulaski's birthday and it was a nice day," repeated the warden, nodding his head to the two guards standing behind Soski. "Last time it was your own birthday" accused the warden, fixing his eye on the cornered man. "Are there any more birthdays coming up that you want to celebrate?"

"No sir."

"Soski, you will just have to remember that this is a prison and that you are a prisoner."

The prisoner nodded his head.

"You are serving a life sentence and you have only one year in on it. The quicker you settle down the easier your time will be. You must accept your sentence and try to adjust."

"Yes sir." said the soft-voice whose owner seemed to be shrinking a little with each word the warden uttered.

"Thirty days in the hole, Soski. Now get out."

The prisoner looked back at the warden from the open door. "I want to adjust Warden....."

"Good. That'll make us all happy ..."

"But I'll need Doctor Isadore to help me adjust."

"You still want to see him? OK. Put your request through in 30 days. Now take him out of here, Mr. Tolland." The warden swept them out with a wave of his hand.

Gregor Soski, middleaged and a for-

mer lieutenant in the Polish army during the early stages of the Second World War, served his 30 days in the hole without complaint. He appeared too far gone in the head to even know he was in prison.

As he walked back to his cell in "H" tier his fellow inmates clapped him on the back good-naturally and Gregor smiled broadly and waved to everyone.

Gregor lit a cigarette and lay back on his bunk. He studied the white-washed ceiling for a while and enjoyed his cigarette. Then a smile spread across his tired gray face.

Within the next four weeks Gregor went to see Dr. Isadore four times. Each Tuesday, at exactly 2:30, his gang boss handed him a signed pass and told him where to go.

"Take this pass," Mr. Taylor explained slowly, "and take it over to Dr. Isadore the psychiatrist. He will be expecting you. Understand, Soski?"

"Yes boss." Gregor replied each time and off he went.

Dr. Paul Isadore was an efficient, brisk little man. He had two things in common with Gregor Soski: He was Polish by birth and his facial features resembled, in an indefinable manner, those of Gregor.

Dr. Isadore believed in a thorough research into the background and character of each of his patients before he attempted to treat his patient. Gregor Soski was to him only one more man with a problem. Dr. Isadore was prepared to solve Soski's problem.

The doctor was, after the fourth interview with Soski, a little puzzled as to why a man of Soski's disciplined

background should have fallen to pieces so soon after coming to prison.

During each of the 15-minute interviews, Soski answered Dr. Isadore's questions as best he could. He appeared nervous, frightened and timid, but always polite.

Once or twice during the interviews, the doctor had the uneasy feeling of being closely scrutinized by his patient. Once or twice he found himself transfixed under the stare of those gray eyes. But he brushed the feeling aside.

Towards the end of the fourth interview, Dr. Isadore noticed that his patient looked very pale, as though he were going to be ill.

"Are you feeling ill, Soski?" inquired the doctor in a kindly voice.

"A little faint, doctor. I'll be OK. in a minute," answered the patient, rubbing the palms of his hands across his wrinkled forehead.

Dr. Isadore rose and called the guard in.

"See that this man is sent to his cell. He's not feeling well." The doctor signed Soski's pass and pushed it into the patient's shirt pocket.

For a long while after the office door had closed behind Soski, Dr. Isadore sat in his upholstered swivel chair, thinking about his Polish patient.

"Is the man himself unbalanced or just his answers and actions?" he asked himself. "We shall see."

He locked his filing cabinets, picked up his hat from the "IN" basket and went home to his family.

For the next six days, Gregor kept out of trouble. The entire week was taken up with his manual work on the mason gang; a visit to the barbers

and the rest of his days and nights in his small concrete cell.

Monday evening found Gregor pacing up and down his cell. It was the day before his fifth interview with Dr. Isadore.

His steady pacing was interrupted by a husky voice from the tier below. "Ah, you nut. You're walking on my ceiling. Squash it." Gregor removed his dirty shoes and lay down on his bunk. He rubbed his hand over his closely cropped hair and lay there thinking. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but his mind was too agitated. He got up to pace the floor, remembered the voice below and dropped down on his bunk again.

It was quite late when Gregor finally fell asleep.

Early next morning he rose and washed. He felt relaxed and looked forward to his day's work. He ate breakfast slowly; went to join his gang at work and, four hours later, returned to his cell with his dinner tray. He didn't touch the tray. He put a new blade in his safety razor and shaved carefully. The slow footsteps of a guard approached, drew level and passed by. Gregor cut a hole in his mattress and eased a small black package from between the stuffing. The sound of the returning footsteps caught him in the act of stitching up the tear in the mattress. As the uniform moved past his bars, Gregor was turning the pages of a magazine.

Fifteen minutes later, the work bell rang and the cells were opened. Gregor stood for a few seconds in the cell opening, trying to remember if he had forgotten anything. He felt for the small package inside his shirt. He cast

one last glance around the musty grey walls of his cell, banged the cell door shut with a kick of his boot and walked towards the kitchen with his tray.

Mr. Taylor, the gang boss on the masons gang, tapped Gregor on the shoulder and handed him a pass. It was 2:30.

"Take this pass and take it over to Dr. Isadore: He's expecting you. Understand Soski?"

"I understand. Mr. Taylor," Soski replied as he folded the pass neatly and placed it in his pocket.

On his way to the doctor's office, Gregor Soski's mind was assailed by many unpleasant and some pleasant thoughts. He had carefully weighed the advantages and disadvantages of his projected scheme. He had much to win and very little to lose.

There were five men sitting on the long wooden bench outside Dr. Isadore's office. Gregor waved and smiled to everyone and then silently took his seat at the end of the line.

The doctor's office door opened and closed five times and suddenly Gregor heard his name called. Small pin-points of sweat prickled his back. He stood up straight, walked into the office and closed the door quietly behind him.

For fifteen minutes nothing was heard from the inside of the office. Then the door opened and the doctor in his

white coat beckoned to the guard who was reading a newspaper.

The patient was slumped in his chair: his eyes closed "Old Soski pass out agin, Doc?" asked the guard looking at the crumpled form in the chair.

The doctor nodded as he signed Soski's pass. "The inmate was given a sedative. Will you look after him. He should be alright in the morning. Here's his pass."

"Sure Doc. I'll call a couple of inmates to carry him back."

The doctor put on his overcoat and hat.

"You leaving, doc?" asked the guard as he entered with his two hefty helpers.

"Yes, it's time to go. My wife will be waiting."

"Well, can't keep the little woman waiting. See you tomorrow, Doc."

"Yes. Good-night."

The small figure in the horn-rimmed glasses and hat and overcoat, carrying the familiar black bag made its way unhindered through the iron barriers and finally the main gate.

After a few anxious moments of searching, the doctor finally found his car and drove away.

Dr. Isadore's family waited patiently for him to return.

"Most of the crime in this country is accomplished by those who are sent to prison. If the American Prison is therapy, it's a failure. If it's social vengeance, it's a great success."

— Melvin M. Belli

Primer for Courtroom Behaviour

by Lex Schrag
Diamond Toronto Bureau

The law is based on precedent. It rarely, if ever, anticipates the wiles and stratagems of the citizens it is intended to govern. Years may pass after new forms of social or antisocial activity have appeared before existing legislation is amended or new legislation is introduced to control such activity.

In the 1950s the affluent Canadian society became obsessed with a do-it-yourself mania. In this decade its effects are apparent in the number of gentlemen who, accused of a variety of offenses which have disturbed the peaceful hysteria of society, are representing themselves in complex legal proceedings before the criminal courts.

At least two of these erudite individuals, to the writer's knowledge, have pleaded their cases through the Ontario Court of Appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada. Neither of them has been successful in their successive appeals. Yet their efforts have won the rather startled acclaim of the legal profession. Legal aid for indigent parties stops at the courts of appeal in Ontario. Nevertheless, both these appellants have had some degree of assistance in the preparation of their appeals from lawyers who were interested in their determination and intelligence.

As extramural correspondent for The

Diamond, the churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of litigation in the easterly disputes of Metropolitan Toronto, offers a contribution to this fascinating game.

He has covered a rather wide variety of legal proceedings in the past 40 years. It is his opinion that most of those accused in criminal trials need a course in public relations. Few of them have the vaguest idea as to how they should conduct themselves before a magistrate or judge.

The most successful performance the churl has seen in recent years was that of a 17-year-old from a Northern Ontario town. He was a good-looking boy. He looked scared half to death. He pleaded guilty to breaking and entering and theft of money over \$50. He was respectful but vague when the magistrate asked him questions. He had nothing to say for himself and gave the impression he hadn't a clue in the world to what was going on. He got suspended sentence and probation, though chiefly because his parents appeared in court (they looked ashamed of themselves and scared, too).

Compared to this bewildered boy, the steely-eyed, hard-bitten bruiser who lurches reluctantly to his feet, slouches in the dock and argues with the bench is not going to get a very sympathetic

hearing. To be sure, the lad with a record can hardly get away with acting the tearful, apprehensive penitent. But he can, at least, be respectful to the court. He must appear concerned with his plight. In the churl's experience (40 years of it) smart Alecs get longer sentences.

The wheels of the law grind a good deal faster now than they did when the churl was a cub reporter. Yet it is his belief the accused is given a fairer trial than he got 20 or 30 years ago—if he has the wit to behave as though he wants a fair trial rather than a quick trip to the jug. (The churl sees a discouraging number of dull clots in the dock who appear to believe they are achieving something noteworthy in getting themselves slung into a reformatory or penitentiary. He does not regard these characters as heroes. He considers them damned fools.)

If the accused feels he is getting a raw deal, he can ask the magistrate or judge to help him, if he has no legal counsel. It is not at all unusual for a magistrate to request any barrister in the court to advise the accused on a point of law. In making such a request, however, the accused should be respectful to all concerned. He should rise and face the bench, and wait until the magistrate or judge gives him his attention. It is best to use the proper forms of address: "Your Worship" to a magistrate; "Your Honor" to a county judge; "Your Lordship" to a Supreme Court justice.

There is even a right way and a wrong way to say nothing. Pay attention to what's going on. Don't loll in the dock and look bored; it's your time they're dealing with and if you indicate you couldn't care less, they may take up quite a lot of your time.

Persons who have been convicted by the courts are asked if they wish to say anything for themselves. Most of them do not. It is unwise to snap "No!" the instant the question is asked. A much better impression is created if the accused gazes fearfully at the bench for five or six seconds before making a halting reply: "I—don't think so, sir." If you have anything worth saying, say it. Don't orate. Don't reel it off too quickly, even if you've been through the drill on several previous occasions. A well-prepared address makes less impression than one that is given lamely but in all sincerity.

And finally—and above all else—DON'T LAUGH, GIGGLE OR SMIRK! The person who finds anything funny in his trial is apt to get much longer to appreciate the joke than the one who thinks it is a very serious affair and who obviously wishes he were somewhere else.

The foregoing hints are not provided by the churl because he has any great sympathy for parties who find themselves at odds with the law. It is simply that the longer they spend in penal institutions the more they cost him in taxes.

Lisbon, Portugal — In this capital city, officials have been warning citizens to keep their shoes on or go to jail. Under a new city law, any person who is caught walking around barefoot will be subject to a jail term of 3 to 15 days — and they mean to enforce this crazy, new law!

To The Moon on a Rubber Band ...or Bust !!!

by **R. H. A.**

Everyone is trying to get to the moon—or at least to be the first to put a man on the moon. Although America and the Russians lead the space race, there are several smaller countries trying to get their two cents, or two kopecks, worth in too, among them Canada—and Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

Little Zambia, in Africa, is counting on a luscious loan from the U.S. to get their project underway and the Canadians think they might eventually be able to send a satellite and a man aloft with an oversized cannon. Collin's Bay's Director of Space Research Dr. Maximilion Zeke figures we can do it with a giant sling shot.

The rotund little barber turned physicist has set 1968 as the target date for slinging a man at our nearest neighbor. He has selected 1968 for a very good reason. It's the year he gets discharged.

"If we don't get him up by that time, someone else will have to do it. After I get out, I won't have time for such frivolity."

However, the dedicated little ex-barber and erstwhile comedian is going full steam ahead. He is pouring over such vital source material as the *Wiz-*

ard of Id and *Buck Rogers* to work out his program.

"These long hairs from the U.S. and Russia are all on the wrong track," he pointed out during a press conference recently. "They're going in for all that complicated stuff from Einstien and so forth and playing around with those big computers. It's not necessary. Besides, who can understand it? History has proven that it's the simple approach that always makes it in the long run. We'll get there first with a good supply of old inner tubes, the steeple on the administration building and the smoke stack of the foundry next door, and a goof silly enough to volunteer. For a computer, an abacus is good enough."

Dr. Zeke's first astronut (excuse me astronaut) will be Captain Brian Oh gee. Ohgee has been undergoing strenuous training in his cell and in the auditorium, playing solitaire and gin.

"That will be a long trip up there," Capt. Ohgee told the Diamond science editor recently, "and I want to be prepared. They tell me a guy can go crazy if he doesn't have something to do. And that little nut hasn't figured out how to get me back from the moon yet."

While gin won't help Ohgee on his trip, he hopes it will keep him from having to make it. 'I lost so many games to Zeke that the only way I could pay him back was to volunteer for the moon shot. Maybe by 1968 I can get even again.'

The standby astronothing will be Lt. Commander Skinny Bulbee, of the Collin's Bay Navy. Dr. Zeke, however, is hoping he will not have to call on Commander Bulbee. "He's too damned fat," he pointed out. "We would have to make the slingshot triple strength to even get him in orbit. And that smoke stack doesn't look strong enough to stand the strain."

Dr. Zeke's plan is simple. He will collect all the used inner tubes in the world and tie them together. Then, he will attach one end to the steeple on the administration building and the other to the smoke stack on the foundry outside the walls, thus making a huge slingshot.

"Maybe we'll send up Three Block into orbit as a test," he mused. 'It

would give the Americans and Russians something to consider when they send up their puny craft and see that crazy thing flipfopping out there. Of course, it would have to be done secretly. The guys in Three Block might object if word leaked out. I haven't figured out how I will bring them down yet. If I could do that, I would step up the program and go myself."

The steeple on the administration building and the foundry smokestack are not the launching points Dr. Zeke would chose if conditions were different. "I would rather use Mount Everest and Mount McKinley," he said, "but the Deputy Warden (custody) seems reuctant to give me a pass to Alaska and India. So I have to make do with what I have."

Sports Committee chairman Gordie Cameron is wishing Zeke all the luck in the world. "If the screwball messes up the Christmas Concert, he won't have to worry about any slingshot. I'll blast him off to the moon on the tip of my boot."

Answers to Sneaky Pete Quiz

1. One hour. You can't set an alarm clock for 13 hours.
2. One.
3. Because he is alive.
4. The match.
5. All of them.
6. It's a polar bear. The house is built on the North Pole thereby exposing all four sides to the south.
7. Half-way. After that he is running out.
8. Six.
9. A 50-cent piece and a nickle. One of them is not a nickel, but the other one is.
10. Seventy.
11. They're not playing each other.
12. Two apples.
13. Moses did not take animals on the Ark, Noah did.
14. The beggar is the woman's sister.
15. It's imposible; he's not alive.



THE SINNERS TEAM for 1965 included, from left to right, front row: Leo Martilla, Pete Smith, Joe Clyde, Wayne Toole (batboy), Jimmy Naugler, Peppy Wallace, and Roger Bouley. Second row, from left to right: Bugsy O'Niel, Andy Toop, Chuck McCarthy, Satch Larue, Johnny Brown (scorekeeper), Benny Bannach, George Marks, Abe Abraham, and Wally Antler, manager.

TOOP IS MOST VALUABLE PLAYER CLYDE, PAQUETTE WIN OTHER HONORS

Andy Toop, Dodger pitcher, was named the most valuable player in the Collins' Bay Major Softball League, by the team managers. The managers also named Rene Paquette, Met catcher, and Joe Clyde, Card centerfielder to the other two top honors in the league. Paquette was named the rookie of the year and Clyde the most gentlemanly player.

Toop finished the regular season with the most wins and was second in earned run average. He was also one of the better hitters on the Dodgers. He caught for Benny Bannach on the Sinners.

Paquette, also an outstanding floor hockey player the past season, was among the top ten hitters in the league all through the season. In addition to catcher, he also played outfield and infield.

Clyde played only a portion of the season, after returning to the institution from camp, but was a major factor in the Card drive to the league title. He was his team's top hitter and outfielder. He was also a member of the Sinners.

Cards Win Major Flag

The Cardinals won the Major League championship, beating out the Dodgers in the playoffs.

The Major season started off as one of the best balanced in recent years, but late in the season, when the Giants were dropped from the league, interest in play fell off, despite the fact that competition was still close. The Cardinals edged out the Dodgers for the league title, both teams only a game ahead of the third place Mets.

Rick Dodge did an excellent job as softball commissioner, becoming the first to hold the job through the entire season, but there was a certain amount of criticism when he allowed the Giants to become disbanded. Many fans and ballplayers felt the Giants could have been restored to competitive strength by the addition of several minor league players when three Giants went to Camp. It was from this point that interest in play began to wane. The Giants were in first place at the time of their disbanding.

Benny Bannach, of course, was the big man for the Cards. He rolled up a 1.56 earned average for the half season he played and lost only two games. With Joe Clyde and Roger Bouley, he provided the heavy stick work for his team as well.

The Dodgers had Andy Toop pitching and, though their fielding often lacked brilliance, they had some of the best hitters in the league with Bugs O'Niel, Toop, Abraham, McLaughlin, and Ferguson.

The Mets had an ideal balance up until the last two weeks of the season, fielding the best all around team in the league. Their fielding was second to none and their hitting could match and better any of the other two teams. But, when they lost Peppy Wallace at shortstop and Chuck McCarthy in the outfield, the team slumped.

Bugs O'Niel led the league in batting, Bannach was tops in homeruns, and George Marks had the most runs batted in. Cotten scored the most runs.

Scorekeepers

Teddy Spiecer was scorekeeper for the Majors and Joe Schell kept score for the Minors. Both did an excellent job and there were few complaints from ball players during the season on their results.

Umpires included 'Bass' Basteen, Al Teeple, and Herbie Mallet.

Pirates Stunned In Minors

The Yanks stunned the pennant winning Pirates, taking three of four playoff games to win the Minor League Softball Championship this past Summer.

Finishing second in regular league play, despite a fast start at the beginning of the season, the Yanks were considered a poor bet to stop the rampaging Pirates who had run away with the Pennant during regular play, winning 19 straight games to the end of the season. Even many Yankee players felt they were outclassed.

But, paced by two veteran ball players, Gordie (Old Man River) Cameron and Tom Cobbett, the Yanks struck through the Phils in the semi-finals to win in two of three games and then came on to thump the Pirates in a convincing display of heads up ball and determination. The Yanks snapped back, after losing the opening game to the Pirates by a handy score, and took the next three, leaving no doubt about the scores in any game.

Cameron led his team, batting .406 in seven playoff games and scoring 13 runs. Cobbett had a .353 batting aver-

age for the seven games and scored 12 runs. Teammate Elliott, almost half Cameron's age, had a .342 batting average and tallied 13 runs.

Cameron topped off his fine hitting with a .931 fielding average, playing at third base. Many observers and players contended that it was Cameron's leadership that held the Yanks together long enough to beat the stronger Pirates.

The Pirates found themselves with ballplayers in the finals who, though they had been top hitters during regular league play, were unable to hit the offerings of Fraser and other Yank pitchers. West, who led the league in hits, batted less than .300, and Dillon, who paced the loop in hitting with a .547 average, was able to manage a .333 mark for the playoffs. Kingsbury, the Pirate's slugging first baseman, led the league in homeruns with six, but was able to score only three runs in the playoffs.

Cameron did not rate high among the top ten batters during regular league competition, and neither did Elliott or Cobbett.

What Next ?

New York, N.Y. — Forgers are in for more trouble. In addition to the photos taken of each person cashing a cheque, now they're introducing a new gadget that sends photostats in 10 seconds to any bank teller to compare the signatures of the account holder with the cheque being offered for cashing by the forger.

Sinners Roll Up Successful Season Despite Congress Loss

by Bryan Auger

Despite the fact that they lost out the finals of the Labor Day Congress, the Sinners put together another winning season during the past year, under the managership of Wally Antler.

Facing some of their toughest competition of the last several years, the real All-Stars racked up a 10-3 record, including the game they lost in the Congress. They also were forced to play the Congress without two of their better players, Peppy Wallace and Buck McCarthy. Both Wallace and McCarthy were discharged before the Congress. Wallace, in particular, was a severe blow to the Sinners. Not only is he one of the best shortstops ever to play here, he was also one of their better hitters. McCarthy played the infield, covering ground two outfielders might have found difficult to handle.

The Sinners gained an advantage about midway in the season when Benny Bannach returned from Camp to pitch for them. Prior to that, the Sinners had Andy Toop, and, while Toop pitched well, he could not have been expected to do it all by himself. With Bannach pitching, Toop went behind the plate and turned out to be an excellent catcher.

Joe Clyde also became an unexpected addition when he returned from Camp. He led the team in batting with a .462 mark, by far the best of any Sinner. He was always a source of excitement for local fans with his bunts.

Bugs O'Niel, who led the regular Major League players in batting with a .400-plus average, was something of a disappointment in the hitting department when it came to the outside teams, but he was a vital factor in the outfield, cutting down many runners with his excellent arm.

Roger Bouley played an inspired third base at times and paced himself to a .310 batting average, the third highest on the team. Jimmy Naugler, playing his usually competent second base, was the Sinners' second highest hitter, with a .323 average. He also led the team in runs-batted-in.

Abe Abraham was Antler's utility man. Abraham did a fine job, filling in at several positions and racking up the team's fourth highest average with a .307.

Although Satch Larue slumped this year to an anemic .200 average, he did more than his share in the field, catching for Toop at the start of the season and moving to first when Toop went behind the plate to catch Bannach.

George Marks and Leo Martilla did not play as much as many fans thought they should have, but when they did get into the game, they played well.

As a team the Sinners batted .250. Bannach averaged 15 strikeouts a game.

Scorekeeper for the Sinners was Johnny Brown and batboy was Wayne Toole.

'Old Men' Sting Youngsters With (Wheeze-Puff) Football Loss

"They don't make like they used to," the 'old men' around the institution are in the habit of saying when they compare present-day sportsmen with those they knew when they were younger and, in late September, they showed that, for one game at least, they still have enough to prove it.

Capitalizing on a bad punt the 'Old Men' edged out the 'Kids', 9-7, in a football game, played September 22, as Bannach kicked a 30 yard field goal with 30 seconds remaining.

Bannach also scored the 'Old Men's' touchdown on an end run. The touchdown was set up by some pinpoint passing from Pete Madden and a fine over-the-shoulder catch made by Beanie Beanlander.

Madden was especially outstanding with some accurate passing, providing the brunt of the 'Old Men's' attack. But the unsung heroes were the real rambling 'wrecks' who played up on the line and blocked for Madden and Bannach. Breathing like asphixiated water buffaloes were Dave Aue, Ross Hardy, Jimmy Law, Wally Antler, and Beanlander as they stood the challenges of their younger opponents and handed them thump for thump. Antler, Hardy, and Beanlander, who faced players half their ages, were particularly outstanding. Aue, sporting considerably more tonnage than is generally recommended by heart-conscious doctors, dropped several younger ball carriers behind the line of scrimmage, wheezing his way back to his position after each play ready to dish out more. Law, whose chin was often as low as his feet not to mention his posterior, gasped his way through almost three quarters of play. The editor of the Diamond, so emaciated that spectators often thought the 'Old Men' were playing with only 11 players on the field, managed to get his hand stepped on and tripped once just in time to fall on a fumble.

Comments made by the victors, following the game, included: Aue: "Puff-puff-wheeze"; Beanlander: "Shut up and give me some air", and Law: "Whose--puff-wheeze--stupid idea was this in the first place?"

Tokyo, Japan — Faced with a serious crime wave, there are now more known gangsters on the files than there are police in this most populous city in the world.

Bangor, Maine — A crew of trustees from the Maine State Prison has been trained to set up a 200-bed Civil Defense Hospital.

Diamond Dust



A brand new doctor thought the mental patient looked normal and asked him what he was doing in a mental institution.

"It's because I prefer cotton socks to wool ones," said the patient.

"Ridiculous! That's no reason for sending you here," said the doctor. "I prefer cotton socks, too."

The patient beamed. "I'm glad to hear that, Doc. Tell me, how do you like them? With oil and vinegar or just a squeeze of lemon?"

* * * * *

A judge listened attentively to both sides in a paternity suit brought by a stenographer against her boss. When it came time to announce his verdict, he drew a cigar out of his pocket and handed it to the defendant with a flourish. "Congratulations," his honor said. "You have just become a father."

* * * * *

The retailer ordered a large quantity of merchandise from a distributor. Back came this wire: "Cannot ship until you pay you last consignment." Whereupon the retailer wired (collect, of course): "Unable to wait that long. Cancel the order."

* * * * *

"They tell me you love music."

"Yes, but never mind. Keep on playing."

* * * * *

When the boss hired a shapely secretary, everyone expected his wife to explode. Instead, she said, "I'm delighted. Henry won't dare come home late for dinner any more."

* * * * *

Abstinence is good if practiced in moderation.

* * * * *

Getting babies off to sleep is hardest when they are about sixteen years old.

* * * * *

Judge: "Your wife says that you keep her continually terrorized."

Prisoner: "But, honestly, you honor....."

Judge: (whispering) "Off the record, man-to-man, what's your system?"

* * * * *

Judge: What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?"

Juryman: "Insanity, your honor."

Judge: "Really? All 12 of you?"

* * * * *

Psychiatrist to nurse: "Just say 'we're terribly busy,' don't say, 'it's a mad house.'"

* * * * *

"My father can beat your father!" a little boy threatened his friend.

"Big deal!" sneered the other boy. "So can my mother."

* * * * *

Teacher: "Who can spell 'straight'?"

Small boy: "S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t."

Teacher: "Correct. Now, what does it mean?"

Small boy: "Without water."

* * * * *

Judge: "Son, how come you stole that car?"

Defendant: "Well, judge. I saw it parked in front of the cemetery so I figured the driver was dead."

* * * * *

In a taxi on the way to the maternity hospital, the 19-year-old wife complained that she was in pain and terrified.

Her 20-year-old husband put his arm around her and asked solicitously:

New Deputy Warden

Mr. R.H. Duff was named deputy warden at Collins Bay during the month of July, while former warden U. Belanger was appointed warden of Dorchester penitentiary, New Brunswick. Mr. Duff was assistant warden, organization and administration, at Dorchester.

Earlier, H. F. Smith, warden at Dorchester, was named warden of Kingston Penitentiary. Last year, W. Westlake, assistant deputy warden, custody, here, was appointed deputy warden at Dorchester.

The number one and two men at Dorchester, therefore, are former Collins Bay staff members.

Mr. Duff has been in the penitentiary service for 18 years and went to Dorchester in 1961.

"Darling, are you sure you want to go through with this?"

* * * * *

"For 25 wonderful years my wife and I were very, very happy."

"So what happened?"

"Then we met!"

* * * * *

A customs officer, while making an examination of the luggage of a gentleman who had just disembarked from the "Queen Mary", noticed a few drops of liquid coming from beneath the man's overcoat. He obtained a small cup and managed to catch a sample of this substance, which he promptly tested.

"Mmm," said the inspector, "Scotch Whisky. I presume?"

"Nope," replied the gentleman. "Scotch Terrier."

* * * * *

Cop: "Who was driving when this accident occurred?"

Drunk: "No one. We were all sitting in the backseat, having a drink, when this truck hit us."

* * * * *